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BLACK DEATH WHITE LIFE
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DOCTOR · WHO

BLACK DEATH WHITE LIFE

Written by Charlie Kirchoff

Art by Tom Mandrake

Colors by Charlie Kirchoff

Letters by Chris Mowry

Edits by Denton J. Tipton

Cover A
Art by Guy Davis
Colors by Charlie Kirchoff

Cover B
Photo Cover

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Carlos Guzman, Editorial Assistant
Design:
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Neil Uyetake, Art Director
Chris Mowry, Graphic Artist
Amauri Osorio, Graphic Artist
Gilberto Lazcano, Production Assistant

Advertising Sales: (858) 270-1315 x 101
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FATHER VITA? -:COUGH:- -:HACK:- ARE YOU THERE, FATHER?
I AM HERE. WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AT THIS HOUR?
I FEAR I HAVE COME DOWN WITH THE PLAGUE. THE DOCTORS -:COUGH:- THEY -:HURKK:-...
ALRIGHT, LET ME SEE.
THIS IS TRULY THE WORK OF THE DEVIL.
LUCKILY WE HAVE ANGELS ON OUR SIDE.

No fear, Father.
Healer heals!
Heal.
Heal.
Heal.
No! Enemy has found healer!

VWORP VWORP
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3 SAVILE ROW.
3 SAVILE ROW?
VWORP VWORP
THAT'S RIGHT, 3 SAVILE ROW. APPLE RECORDS. JANUARY 30TH 1969.
THE BEATLES ARE ABOUT TO PLAY THEIR FINAL CONCERT ON THE ROOF. BUT WE BETTER HURRY, IT DIDN'T LAST...
...WAIT A MINUTE.
THIS ISN'T RIGHT.

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WHAT YEAR IS IT?
IT'S THE YEAR OF OUR LORD SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE.
AH, 1669. I'VE GOT TO STOP DOING THIS.
WAIT, THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT. THE LAST RECORDED PLAGUE OUTBREAK WAS IN 1666, SHORTLY AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON—MY FAULT, BY THE WAY, BUT IT WAS COMPLETELY NECESSARY.
THIS SHOULDN'T BE... AH! MARTHA, COME TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.
I REALISE THAT BUBONIC PLAGUE ISN'T A LARGE CONCERN IN YOUR TIME, BUT WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT. IT'S CERTAINLY NOT YERSINIA PESTIS.
RIGHT, IT'S NOT THE BLACK DEATH. WELL, AT LEAST NOT ONE THAT EVOLVED ON EARTH, ANYWAYS.
DOCTOR, WHO ARE THEY?

PLAGUE DOCTORS—THEY WEAR THOSE GETUPS BECAUSE THEY THINK IT'LL DRAW THE PLAGUE AWAY FROM THEM. DOESN'T WORK, BUT AT LEAST THEY HAVE A FLAIR FOR THE DRAMATIC.
WHY ARE YOU JUST STANDING THERE WHILE PEOPLE ARE SUFFERING? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DOCTORS. HELP THEM!
GURRRRRRR.
THEY'RE JUST UPSET BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT NEEDED. THE FAITH HEALER WILL CURE US OF THIS BLIGHT.
FAITH HEALER? REALLY? THAT'S BRILLIANT!
OF COURSE THERE'S CERTAINLY MORE TO IT THAN THAT, DON'T YOU THINK? STILL, YOU CAN'T BEAT A GOOD FAITH HEALER! WHERE COULD I FIND HIM?
IN THE CHURCH, A WAYS EAST OF THE VILLAGE. WE'RE COLLECTING PEOPLE TO TAKE THERE NOW.
DON'T YOU BELIEVE THIS FAITH HEALER TO BE WHAT HE SAYS?
HE PROBABLY CAN MIRACULOUSLY HEAL THE SICK, I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.
BUT WHEN THERE'S A PLAGUE THAT DOESN'T BELONG ON THIS EARTH AND ONLY ONE MAN HAS THE CURE...
...YOU THINK HE MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.
BINGO!

I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THESE MEN TO THE CHURCH AND CHECK OUT THIS HEALER. CARE TO JOIN ME?
NO, I THINK I'M GOING TO STAY HERE AND TRY TO MAKE THESE PEOPLE MORE COMFORTABLE.
ALRIGHT, I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU SOON. TRY TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE TILL THEN.
AAAGH!

No! No more heal. Enemy finds me.
I KNOW YOU'RE AFRAID THAT SOMEONE IS AFTER YOU. BUT YOU MUST THINK OF THE GREATER GOOD.
YOU HAVE BEEN SENT BY GOD TO RID THIS REALM OF THE PLAGUE THAT THREATENS TO DOOM US ALL. YOU'RE ON A HOLY MISSION, MY CHILD. YOU MUST NOT GIVE UP WHEN FACED WITH ADVERSITY. YOU MUST SOLDIER ON.
I heal more, Father.
BLESS YOU, MY SON.

ARE YOU IN CHARGE HERE?

I AM FATHER CHADWICK VITA. I PRESIDE OVER THIS CHURCH, YES.

WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
I'M THE DOCTOR.

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY DOCTOR I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE.
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE ME BEFORE. JUST LIKE, I SUSPECT, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE THIS FAITH HEALER BEFORE.

HE'S AN ANGEL.

HEAL!

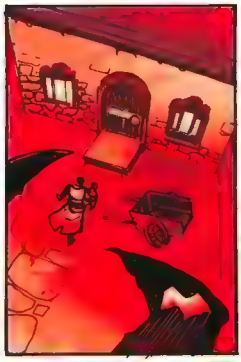
WHERE ARE THE REST OF THEM?
THE REST OF WHOM?
THE REST OF THESE "ANGELS"
THERE IS ONLY ONE ANGEL HERE.
REALLY? WITH HIM FIGHTING A DISEASE LIKE THAT, THERE SHOULD BE THOUSANDS OF THEM BY NOW. SOMETHING MUST BE HINDERING HIS ABILITIES.
EITHER WAY, HE'S NOT THE CAUSE OF THE PLAGUE, BUT HE IS TIED TO IT. I SHOULD FIND MARTHA.
GOOD-BYE, FATHER. I'M SURE I'LL SEE YOU AROUND.

MARTHA?
MARTHA!

PLAGUE DOCTORS... ARE... ALIENS.
WAR.
enemy found.
army needed.
Martha Jones... recruited.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, RECRUITED?
REALER ENEMY.
MUST FIGHT.
FOR WE ARE...
...MACRO-VIRUS!

THEN I HAD BETTER FIND A MACRO-VACCINE!
ALLONS-Y, MARTHA!
OOF! NO MORE MILK SHAKES FOR YOU.



HELP ME HOLD THESE DOORS CLOSED!

BANG
BANG
RECRUITED?

"WHAT DID THEY MEAN BY..."

"OF COURSE, HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO STUPID?
"VIRUSES REPRODUCE BY INFECTING CELLS. THESE PEOPLE ARE THOSE CELLS!"
WHERE ENEMY?
MY GOD, THERE IS SOMETHING AFTER HIM.
YOU CANNOT HAVE MY ANGEL, DEMONS!

AAAARRG!
I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE. .
... IMMUNOGL-OBULINS! YOU SHOULD HAVE THE POWER TO WIPE OUT THESE MACRO-VIRUSES. WHY DON'T YOU?

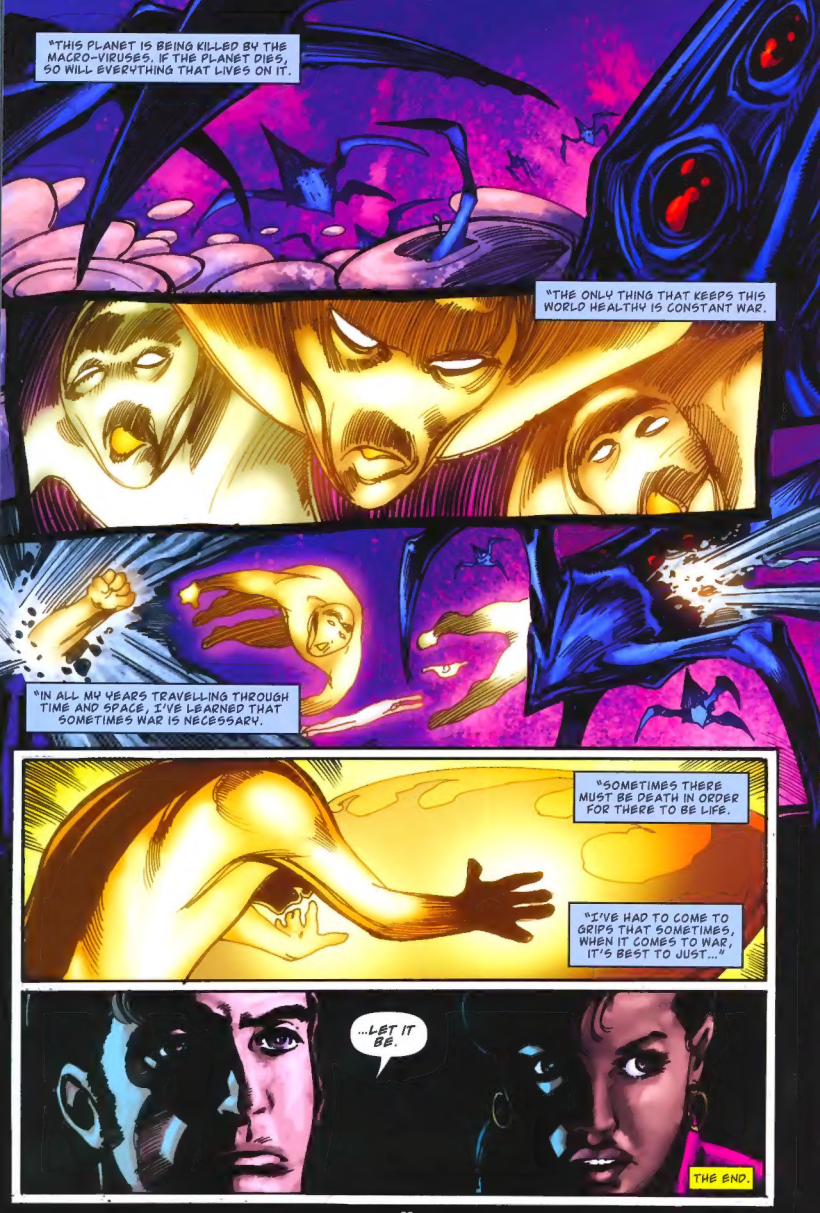
"Healer once great soldier. A general!"
"YES, IN THE IMMUNOGLOBULIN ARMY ON THE FLESH PLANET OF MIMOSA 3 IN THE CRUX CONSTELLATION, I ASSUME."
"Healer quite brave then."
"YES, YOU WOULD HAVE HAD TO BE. WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT CHANGED?"
"Enemy attacked healers. Most healers die. I one of the last."
"AH, THIS FEAR HINDERED YOUR ABILITY TO REPRODUCE YOUR ARMY AGAIN, SO YOU FLED."
"Healer ran blind. Healer found this place and hid."
"I UNDERSTAND THAT WAS TRAUMATIC FOR YOU, BUT IT'S JUST FEAR. YOU CAN STILL DO WHAT ONLY YOU CAN DO TO DEFEAT THEM ALL. IF YOU DON'T, FATHER VITA AND EVERYONE ELSE HERE WILL DIE!"
"Father?"
"REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE BRAVE. REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE STRONG. REMEMBER AND..."

...DIVIDE!
Heal.
WE'VE GOT TO GO—NOW!
NO, MY CHILD! YOU MUSTN'T LEAVE ME.
Must go. Must fight. Must win.

Good-bye, Father.
I WANT TO BE HEALED.
I HAVE A PLAN. A GOOD PLAN. A REASONABLY WELL-THOUGHT-OUT PLAN. WELL, I SAW IT IN A FILM ONCE.
IT WORKED WELL THEN.
CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU, PLEASE. YOU'RE LETTING IN A DRAFT.

DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
GETTING YOU HEALED UP AND USING YOU AS BAIT ALL AT ONCE!
WITH THE ORIGINAL HEALER ONBOARD, THE REST WILL FOLLOW WHERE EVER WE GO. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS...
...FLY!

WE'VE LANDED.
YOU'RE HOME. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. TAKE YOUR NEW ARMY AND FIGHT OFF THE MACRO-VIRUSES!
I DON'T THINK I'VE SEEN YOU ACTUALLY ENCOURAGE A WAR BEFORE.


"THIS PLANET IS BEING KILLED BY THE MACRO-VIRUSES. IF THE PLANET DIES, SO WILL EVERYTHING THAT LIVES ON IT.
"THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS THIS WORLD HEALTHY IS CONSTANT WAR.
"IN ALL MY YEARS TRAVELLING THROUGH TIME AND SPACE, I'VE LEARNED THAT SOMETIMES WAR IS NECESSARY.
"SOMETIMES THERE MUST BE DEATH IN ORDER FOR THERE TO BE LIFE.
"I'VE HAD TO COME TO GRIPS THAT SOMETIMES, WHEN IT COMES TO WAR, IT'S BEST TO JUST..."
...LET IT BE.
THE END.